

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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Charles L. Moore
Editor

Judge Stevenson Thinks I Would be a Pretty Good Dog If They Put a Clog on Me and Keep Me in a Tight Pen.

GEORGETOWN, KY., Feb. 10, '91.
C. C. Moore, Esq.

Dear Sir:—In your article in the last week's issue touching the "Outlook for a State Organ," you ask for free and unbiased expressions from your readers on the subject, irrespective of their political affiliation.

I may be permitted to say that I am highly pleased with your suggestion of a daily paper, if it can be furnished at fifty cents a month, and a weekly at one dollar per annum.

As to its location, I would deem it of less importance, as the facilities for rapid transmission are such that whether Lexington or Louisville were selected, the readers would receive it about as soon from one city as from the other.

But I must say the selection of a prudent, well informed, reliable editor is of the greatest importance, and requires the most thoughtful and mature consideration possible.

Some things which an independent editor might be excusable in giving utterance to, would be wholly inadmissible in a partisan organ, and would undermine and destroy the prospect of success of the most important moral or political organization; and he who aspires to become its editorial leader should be held to the most rigid accountability, and required to confine himself within the tenets of the party whose principles he assumes to advocate and defend. He should not indulge in the support of doubtful and dangerous outside issues, in no way connected with Prohibition or the defense of its principles.

To be a little more definite, as I understand from your article, you desire a "free and unbiased expression on the subject, irrespective of party affiliation." On religious views I take it that the resurrection of Jesus Christ is at this day a well settled fact, and is a subject of too grave importance to be handled in political issues, however grave; and you will find that many of the best Prohibitionists in this broad land, like the "sensible and kind" writer of your city, do not wish a paper in their family that indulges in light evils on so important a question. Nor do they wish, under the guise of Prohibition, to give currency to letters of commendation of your book, and Emma Abbott and Ingersoll, or any kindred questions; and in the selection of an editor of a State organ representing so important a question as Prohibition, all merely personal consideration should be lost sight of, and a man selected who would devote himself exclusively to the one important question, to the exclusion of all other issues.

In saying this, I wish it distinctly understood that, in the advocacy of Prohibition, and kindred questions or its defense, its editor is, of course, left free and untrammelled in its line of attack and defense, provided he confine himself to the truth and couch his language in courteous and respectful treatment of the subject and the assailants thereof.

Now, in conclusion, Mr. Editor, permit me to say that the foregoing remarks are intended to be personal, only so far as they are applicable to the case, and so far as I am personally concerned, would as soon see C. C. Moore installed as editor of the contemplated paper as any man living, provided he will conform to the principles suggested, and will cease to goad the people with matters entirely foreign to the requisitions of morality and Prohibition.

As ever yours for the truth,
MILTON STEVENSON.

Liquor Champions Heard From.

I heard the other day through a President of a University, not in this State, that Col. Breckinridge had said of me, "Charlie is a dear old fellow, and I love him yet; but he does go for me mighty rough on the liquor question."

I can say of Col. Breckinridge that there is, and always will be, a warm place in my heart for him, but that vote on the "original package bill" was enough to make Robt. J. Breckinridge turn in his grave, and his son, the greatest orator in America, owes it to his father, the kind neighbor of my boyhood, to make amends for that vote, by helping the Prohibition cause.

Col. Breckinridge is a born gentleman. He knows the whisky traffic is infamous, and the world knows what it has done for the Breckinridge name.

Col. Breckinridge is a knightly man, and he knows that when he voted to force liquor back upon those States from which the prayers and tears of women and children had driven it, that he rode his war horse panoplied in the armor of hell, over the broken and bleeding hearts of women and children.

I cannot understand why God would make a man who would fight for Dixie through a principle of chivalry, and then help a lot of whisky guzzling people and Dutch beer jerkers that he never associated with in his life, to crush women and children a thousand times worse than the Government soldiers lately butchered and murdered the innocent Indian women and children.

Mr. James Elbert, a liquor drummer, told me a few days since that he heard John Ather-ton, the President of the American Liquor Association, say "The more Charlie Moore says against me, the more whisky I sell."

Strange that a man of the wealth and generous views of Col. Ather-ton has not, in recognition of this service that I have done for him, sent me \$2 for the Blade, or a jug of whisky on the sly.

What the Liquor Editors Think of the Situation.

I take as exchanges the principal two papers published in the interest of the liquor traffic of which I know.

They are the Champion of Chicago, and the South West of Cincinnati.

They are full of Bible quotations, and constantly call upon God to protect and defend their business. They report the sermons of any man who preaches against Prohibition.

It is a remarkable fact that while "Prohibition" is supposed not to "prohibit," these two papers are full of abuse of Prohibitionists, and of praise of Democracy, but do not say anything against Republicans or high license people or mere temperance lectures. In fact they urge "high license," and praise temperance lecturers who are not Prohibitionists.

It may be a little surprising to Prohibitionists to know that these papers are continually abusing the liquor dealers because they do not support liquor papers, and telling them how the Prohibitionists are keeping up their papers.

One of these papers said lately in an editorial that if the liquor dealers did not make some more earnest effort to oppose the crusade against liquor that in *five years more* a Prohibition amendment would be in the Constitution of the United States.

I give a sample of how they talk in the last issue of the South West:

"New Prohibition papers are being started almost weekly, in all parts of the country, and they nearly all are well supported and prosperous. The New York Voice is one of the best profit-bearing publications in the United States, as the New Era, of Springfield, with a large circulation, is one of the very best paying newspapers in Ohio. The circulation of these papers is largely maintained by liberal Prohibitionists, many individuals like Ferd. Schumacher, of Akron, for instance, subscribing for several hundred copies, the same being sent to farmers and wage-workers in the rural districts. In this way a powerful anti-liquor, anti-wine-and-beer sentiment is being created to eventually force the enactment of stringent and fanatical

temperance laws as stepping stones to absolute National Prohibition. This is emphatically a newspaper age, and no business party, creed or profession can make prosperous progress unless it gives succor, by circulating, its own press. The Republican papers are 95 per centum, at least indirectly, against the brewery; the Democratic press, about 80 per centum, indifferent and non-committal; there are fully 1,000 radical temperance—high license, restrictive and practically Prohibition papers of the Toledo Blade, New York Mail and Express, Cincinnati Times-Star class, representing the anti-saloon Republican element which in legislative matters is dominant in that party; the religious papers are almost a unit demanding oppressive sumptuary legislation by the Republican party, to which organization the pulpit is almost entirely subservient; between three and four hundred live, aggressive, ably edited weeklies are published as uncompromising, absolute Prohibition journals. All of these publications are prosperous, and their numbers increasing.

In contrast it may be mentioned that there are less than a dozen generally known weekly, and no daily, publications in the United States championing the rights and defending the interests of the brewing and vending traffic, and they are struggling for existence.

Comment on this state of affairs is unnecessary, and the inevitable results will supply the post mortem moral."

Thinks I Ought to be Kept Chained.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 7, '91.
C. C. Moore, Esq.

Dear Sir and Friend—I have just read your article with reference to a State organ. This is a question I have given some thought, though I have said or done little about it, because I did not believe the plans that were being pursued to establish one were practical. I had no faith that so much money as was being asked for would be raised, when it could not be known that it would be properly handled. A successful paper is a growth and not a thing to be made by resolutions, etc. I believe in starting at the bottom and building up instead of starting up and coming down. I could take \$300 and buy material enough to get out such a paper as the Blue Grass Blade or the Nashville Issue by having the press work done in the Western Recorder office by contract, and we need have no fears of any trouble about the press work as had Bro. Sawyer. Now, should we decide to raise enough to buy a job outfit, the material that Sawyer has would be what we would want. I aided in the purchase and know what it is. Such an office properly managed here would pay, although the expense for rent, etc., would be pretty heavy.

In regard to a daily here I would say that I believe one would pay, properly managed, but Sawyer's press would not do to get out a paper to compete with our other dailies. It would take a fast press with stereotyping outfit, which would cost a great deal. I think we should be content with a weekly until some time before the Presidential campaign, at least. A daily takes a great deal of money, and would have to be skillfully managed to make it pay.

Now in regard to your being made editor I will say that I think you have in you the timber to make a perfect success if you would only agree to run an organ under the supervision of the State Committee, which would see that you leave out such articles as do not pertain to the issues. You know all well regulated papers have a managing editor. A great deal of the matter that is set for the Courier-Journal is "killed." Two or three heads is better than one.

I think the Blade is doing a good work in its way, but would not favor making it a State organ as it is now run for the reason that you publish articles and bold views that the Committee could not endorse. I think you use bad judgment in publishing such articles as "Whisky Playing Hell in a Preacher's Family," and the Doctor's view of the crucifixion, etc., because they must offend the views of many good people, and can do no good that I can see. However, I, for one, would be

glad to have you here in Louisville, and think arrangements could be made to get out a stirring paper. I believe you are the man for the place and would readily consent to have the restrictions placed upon you that the committee might deem wise. I had it in my heart once to go into the company \$100, but do not know that I can do so now on account of other investments I have made, but could give you much material aid that I would charge nothing for. I understand the business from A to Z, but prefer to work for wages on my own hook until I can strengthen my financial fences, which have been too long neglected for the sake of the cause, but have some spare time that I can give gratis to the work.

I have other views on the subject that I think worth considering, but can not give them just now.

Hoping that I have not tired you with these, my ideas, on the subject, and that the right and best thing will yet be done, I remain yours fraternally,
MOSES FORT.

From a Good Old Brother.

CLINTON CO., KY., Feb. 4, '91.
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear Sir:—You proposed one or two numbers back, to those who had not subscribed for your Blade, to pay fifty cents if they wanted it stopped. I hereby send you one dollar. Please stop your paper to my address, not because I am not a Prohibitionist, I wish the cause may prosper and spread over the land like the prophet saw the little stone heaved out of the mountain without hands, that was to roll until it filled the whole earth, but because I am in my eighty-third year and can't see to read but little. I have handed the Blade to my neighbors to read. I wish you great success with your Blade. Keep it sharp.
L. C. ANDREW.

Sympathy from a Minister in Old Virginia.

LOUISA COURT HOUSE, VA.,
February 11, 1891.

C. C. Moore, Esq., Lexington, Ky.

DEAR SIR:—I receive a copy of your Blue Grass Blade every week. My brother, L. A. C., wrote me that he had asked you to send me a copy, and has written to me to know if I get the paper. I get the paper regularly, and when I tell you I like it, it very feebly expresses my meaning. If you were a poor man and a preacher in Virginia, you would be the "bluest" man in Virginia if you dared to utter your sentiments as you write them. I think you would be ostracized by the goody-good, weak-kneed, sycophantic, half-way-telling-truth Christians(?) To belong to an "institution," as T. J. Shelton says in "Christian," destroys a man's individuality, and as you say in the February 7th Blade, on first page, referring to your remarks about Rev. Sweeney, "Probably I might be more conservative as an employed editor of a stock company, but this is not a thing about which I can speak with assurance."

Now I like that expression. When a man knows a thing, and half-way tells it for fear of offending some persons' feelings, I really believe that such a person has more respect for his fellow-man than he has for that God whom he professes to love and obey. It reminds me very much of poor old Abraham, Gen. 20, where he says of Sarah, his wife, "She is my sister," and Sarah said, "He is my brother." Abraham's excuse was, "I thought surely the fear of God is not in this place, and they will slay me for my wife's sake." I think Abraham feared man more than he feared his God, and while it made Abimelech think less of him, it doesn't seem that it raised him in the estimation of God. So in Acts 5, they, Ananias and Sapphira, thought they had a good thing, and lied for a little earthly wealth. It seems they had forgotten that God saw them and knew their hearts. But their respect for themselves was more than their respect for their God, and God slew them.

Is it not the same God now who reigns as then? All the sympathies of all the people in the world will not make a wrong right. I would rather be approved by my God by doing right than to have the praise of the world by doing wrong. But it is, I fear, a sense of propriety that keeps some people from saying publicly what they express with great fluency in private. Preachers, too, are guilty of this very thing. T. J. Shelton says that the greatest enemy to the cause of Christ to-day is the church of Christ. I believe it. There is more policy, propriety, the love of money, lust of the flesh, lust of the eye, and the pride of life in the so-called church of Christ to-day than ever. Now, sir, if I were a policy man I would not write this. No, Mr. Moore, I am just fool enough to tell the truth in the pulpit about members of the church as I am to tell sinners out of the church of their sins. For this I am unpopular with some of the brethren. Well, so be it. I can say nothing against the truth but for the truth. Truth is what I want and truth will tell in the end.

But I am getting too prosy for you, who seem to delight in the swift descent of a keen Blade to hew to the line. I like it. I enjoy it. I read the papers for others to hear, then I send it to others.

I want to tell you that I am not able to pay you at present for your paper, but you can send it on, and I will try and pay for it some time during the year.

Oh, for some Moore in Virginia!

Yours sincerely,
P. H. CUTLER.

A Judge on the "Arena" and Col. Breckinridge.

February 14, 1891.
Mr. C. C. Moore.

My Dear Sir—I notice you quote from the "Arena," and speak of having seen one copy. I have taken it from its commencement and regard it as the best of all our periodicals, as it deals with the vital questions of the age and permits free discussion on both sides.

I have an extra copy which I send to you by the mail. I know you will appreciate the copy as it contains a steel engraving of Will Breckinridge. You can cut it out and frame it and hang it up in your office so you will not forget him.

He urged the passage of strict Sunday laws in Congress and that is one of our principles as stated in the National platform and to that extent he is certainly with us, and when the majority demands it he may sustain even the Prohibition principle.

I hope you will some day convert him. Your friend,

The above was signed by a Judge, who is a most estimable gentleman, but marked "confidential."

EDITOR.

Kentucky State Chairman Harris to County Chairmen.

HEADQUARTERS PROHIBITION

STATE EX. COMMITTEE OF KY.

Paducah, Feb. 12, '91.

The Chairman of the Prohibition party in each county of the State, and in the absence of a chairman then any party Prohibitionist who votes with the party, will, by order of the State Executive Committee, call and hold a county meeting of the Prohibition party at the court house in their respective counties on the 2nd day of May, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m., and select delegates to represent the county in the State Prohibition Convention.

The ratio of representation shall be one delegate for each twenty votes cast for Fisk and Brooks in 1888 for President and Vice President, and one delegate for the fraction over ten votes, provided, however, that each county shall be entitled to at least one delegate in the State Convention.

JOSIAH HARRIS, Chm'n.

By His Didn't Move.

There lives out in Joe Cannon's district in Illinois an old farmer who is a zealous Republican, one of the red hot partisan stripe. When he heard of Cannon's defeat he said to his wife, who is one of those women who obey their lord and master blindly: "Mary, pack up everything. I'm going to move."

"Why?" asked Mary.

"Because Joe Cannon is beat, and I won't live in a Democratic district."

"Very well," said Mary, with a little resigned sigh.

Then the old man went to town to sell his farm. There he heard all the election news. He returned home, and entering the house said:

"Mary, you can quit packing up. I ain't-a-going to move."

"Why?" inquired Mary.

"Because," he replied rally, "there's no place to move to."—South New Yorker.

TAYLOR & HAWKINS,

Show below a few specials which merit your attention, and which it will pay you to read and remember.

EMBROIDERIES {This is our Specialty. Good values on the Cheap Table. We carry the Largest Stock in Lexington.

LACES {We are pushing Torchon and Smyrna Laces on our Cheap Table just now. The largest and handsomest line we ever had is just opened.

WHITE GOODS {The patterns this season are beautiful, and we think we have the prettiest in the market. Some splendid things at 7½, 10 & 15c.

FLANNELS {All Red and Gray Flannel goes at Prime Cost.

We have Bargains on every counter. Come and see. Don't forget the place is

No. 7 West Main St.

THOMPSON & BOYD,

Manufacturers of

FINE SADDLES & HARNESS,

RACE AND RING EQUIPMENTS A SPECIALTY.

No. 53 EAST MAIN STREET,

LEXINGTON, KY:

SHOES!

A FEW SPECIALTIES:

OUR CELEBRATED ENGLISH GRAIN WALKENPHAST

\$2.00, \$2.50, wear like iron, keep the feet perfectly dry.

OUR KANGAROO, CALF AND HEAVY CALF SHOES are

calf lined, have extra Tap Soles, \$4.00, make elegant shoes for heavy wear.

Our stock of Mens' Shoes is complete from the highest to heaviest.

COME AND SEE OUR ASSORTMENT AND PRICES.

S. BASSETT & SONS,

30 EAST MAIN STREET

CHINN, ROSS & TODD

ARE RECEIVING DAILY,

All the New and Nobby styles

—IN—

Dress Goods and Notions.

CHINN, ROSS & TODD.

H. W. ALDENBURG,

ARCHITECT and SUPERINTENDANT.

16½ West Main St., LEXINGTON, KY

Represented by J. R. SCOTT.

Kaufman, Straus & Co.,

12 EAST MAIN STREET.

New goods are now arriving daily. Laces and embroideries are crowding our shelves from the narrowest to the widest and richest patterns. We show them in all sorts of materials. A treat for the ladies and a wholesome surprise to those who get our prices on them. No lady in Lexington, anticipating to make up Spring Underwear, Children's or Misses' Dresses of White Goods, can afford to miss examining our stock of these goods.

Early Spring Woolen Dress Material.

Novelty Suitings, the rarest and oldest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below actual anticipation, ranging from 50c. to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettes just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

WASH GOODS.

Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Gingham, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are quoted at 30c.; we have marked them at 20c. per yard. A full line of Dress Gingham, in new designs, estimated to be worth 15c.; our price is 10c.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—SPECIAL SALE.

Forty dozen Children's Muslin Drawers, six button holes, patent facing, at 10c. a pair; worth 20c.

Ladies' Mother Hubbard Gowns: good muslin, well trimmed, at 55c.; they are worth 50c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, "Fruit of the Loom" Cotton, deep hem and tucks above, 25c.; worth 40c.

Ladies' Walking Skirts, deep Cambie ruffles, at 49c.; worth 75c.

New Spring Hosiery for Ladies and Gents. We were fortunate in securing many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hosiery, in both black and fancy, prior to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will show how these early purchases benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 35c.; we still have them marked 25c.

Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c.; we still offer them at 40c.

Ladies' fancy striped Cotton Hose, boot patterns, costing you now 40c. still marked at 25c.

TOILET ARTICLES.

Colgate Turkish Bath Soap, a full dozen for 50c.; 4711 Glycerine, different sorts at 42c. per box; Espey's Cream, genuine article, 20c.; Vaseline, in bottles, at 10c.; Ammonia, for household purposes, only 10c. per quart bottle.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.,

A Full Assortment of Stoves Constantly on Hand.
ROOFING, GUTTERING & REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

Charles C. Moore
Editor

ADVERTISING RATES.

	Per Line	Per Column
One Year, 52 insertions.	\$10.00	\$10.00
Six Months, 26 insertions.	\$6.00	\$6.00
Three Months, 13 insertions.	\$3.00	\$3.00
Two Months, eight insertions.	\$2.00	\$2.00
One Month, four insertions.	\$1.00	\$1.00
Three Insertions.	\$1.00	\$1.00
Two Insertions.	\$1.00	\$1.00
Single Insertion.	\$1.00	\$1.00

"THE ARENA."

To Which Rev. J. W. McGarvey of the Christian Church of Lexington, Will Soon Contribute a Theological Paper.

Several persons have lately asked me why I did not read the "Arena," telling me that it maintained my theological views.

Last week some friend sent me anonymously a leaf cut from this magazine, asking me to put it in the Blade, and adding "that's the way you talk."

You saw the greater part of it that I published in the last issue and just as I was closing up my paper for the press Mr. B. F. Williams, a member of the Christian Church in this city, and whose father was a prominent member in that church, called at my office and gave me the first copy of the magazine that I have ever seen.

It is the February number.

I never saw such a book before. If I had had the ordering of the number there is not a sentence in it that I would have omitted.

I have read Tolstoi and "Robert Elmore," and "Light of Asia," and have "Darkest England," and I have told you that something like a millennium was coming, and that I was daily looking for the modern John the Baptist, the Elias that is to come as the harbinger of the new regime.

In the editor of this magazine I find the very ideal of the man I am looking for. His name is B. O. Flower, and the temptation to say he is a "daisy" is simply irresistible.

It is the only book I ever read in which the most highly cultivated men and women dispassionately and candidly and honestly discussed the leading issues of the day, and in the interest of good morals called things by names that enable us to understand what they mean, without any fear of public censure, and without once shrinking from the fear of the charge of indecency, when they come to talk about the evils of society, over which a false modesty has thought proper to throw a veil; when the fact is that they are the very things that the good of society demands shall be unveiled and laid open to the noonday glare of the sun, or the most intense electric light at midnight.

It calls a spade a spade in religion, politics or sociology.

Its editor is the only editor except him of the Blade, after whom I have ever read, who editorially writes "I" instead of the ordinary editorial "We."

The magazine is published monthly in Boston. It is the kind of book that Kentucky wants.

Judge Stevenson, whose letter to me appears in this issue, is a good Christian prohibitionist and citizen, but he is mistaken in the policy to advance the prohibition party. If any proposition is true, the more you say for it or against it the more evidently false it will appear.

Judge Stevenson says I must not talk about Col. Ingersoll and my book. Katherine Dunning Clark says I ought to do so; says she has read my book twice and wants me to write another one, and I am willing that anybody shall lay her letter in the Blade side by side with that of Judge Stevenson, and answer which shows the more love for prohibition and for moral purity, and which shows the more genius, and breadth of thought and experience.

Judge Stevenson does not think that a prohibition paper ought to talk about Emma Abbott; and can't see any connection between her and prohibition. You never saw a theater advertisement in the Blade, and are not likely to see one. I want to feel free to discuss the drama; to commend that of it

which I think is moralizing and good, and to recommend earnest Christians to go and see and hear it, while I also want to be free to discuss whether the Wilbur Opera Company that occupied the boards here last week ought not to be suppressed by law, and the persons who put their advertising pictures on the streets here prosecuted for displaying such pictures. I am not certain about this, and I have read with great interest in the "Arena" an article on that subject, an extract from which I will give, and which alone will make a buzz in our society.

But there is one thing I do know, and that is if Judge Stevenson never saw Emma Abbott on the stage or off of it, he would not be so competent a critic of her career to which the attention of the whole civilized world has been called, by her sudden death, as Mrs. Clark would be, who personally knew her, in the poverty of her girlhood, and then heard her in "Faust," when the musical world was at her feet.

Some time since I loaned to a devoted churchman my copies of the North American Review that had in them the discussion between Gladstone and Ingersoll. Some time after I asked him if he had read them. He said he had read all of Gladstone's articles but would not read Ingersoll's.

Some time after that an elder of another church, who is a prohibitionist, told me that he had seen that man on one occasion pick up all the prohibition ballots that were lying on the table at the polls, and tear them up and throw them away, the supposition being that it was intended to show his contempt for the prohibition party, that was so sparsely represented.

That Christian prohibitionist read my book and tried to get another officer in his church to do so. The other man declined to do it, with an emphasis. It is commonly known that whiskey was freely used by his convivance, among the negroes to elect him to the office which he now holds.

So that it will not do to conclude that only those are good Christians and prohibitionists who are willing to hear only one side of a religious discussion.

The first article in the "Arena" is by Alfred Russell Wallace, D. C. L., LL.D.

He is a member of the Society for Psychical Research.

The writer believes in telepathy, or thought transference, clairvoyance, hypnotism, planchette, and all of the alleged phenomena that come under the common head of spiritualism. His effort to prove that these things are what their advocates believe of them is as strong a demonstration that they are untrue as if he had written against them. He only gives instances of persons who say they have seen and heard these spiritual manifestations, and gives samples of the things that spirits had told those who communicated with them.

None of the information received is of any importance or value, and is only such as people ordinarily know without any supernatural guidance.

A most valuable citizen in Lexington recently said to me, "You cannot convince me that there is no such thing as a materialized spirit when I know I have taken one by the hand."

In the same way a man whom I recently saw on the grand jury once told me that he knew water could be found by a waterwitch with a peach tree switch, because he had seen it done, and I know one of the wealthiest men in the county who has been a leader in politics that claims to be a waterwitch.

Another article is by Hon. John Welch, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio.

It is against the authenticity and genuineness of the cosmogony of Genesis, and argues that the story of the creation as found in the Bible is utterly without foundation, and that the first eleven chapters of Genesis were gotten by the Jews from the Babylonians in the first Babylonian captivity.

Persons who want to be informed on this subject should read this article in anticipation of the article of Rev. J. W. McGarvey, of this city, soon to appear in the "Arena," in defense of the inspiration of the Bible.

An editorial says as follows: "A paper prepared by Prof. J. W. McGarvey, of the Kentucky University, treating on the inspiration of the Bible from a strictly orthodox point of view, will shortly appear in The Arena. Professor McGarvey is the author of one of the ablest works on Palestine that has ever been written."

It is published by Lippincott of Philadelphia. For many years he has occupied a foremost position as a Biblical scholar in the Disciples or Christian church. It is our principle to give all sides a fair hearing when the thoughts are properly presented by representative scholars."

Prof. McGarvey could perhaps have been still more accurately

spoken of as occupying the "foremost position" of his church. He has had the opportunities to travel in Palestine, and for years has been a professor of theology in the University here.

He is the author of a book "The Canon and the Text," which bears directly upon the point of Biblical inspiration.

Neither the book nor any utterance that I have heard, or heard of, as coming from Prof. McGarvey betrays any departure from the most rigidly orthodox theories of inspiration.

I shall await his article with great interest.

If Prof. McGarvey's article is not already prepared I will presume to suggest that one feature of it be a reply to the position that Hon. Welch has taken regarding the first eleven chapters of Genesis.

If it should result in a correspondence upon that subject similar to that between Gladstone and Ingersoll, or that between Ingersoll and Rev. Field, both of which were conducted in the North American Review, I think it would immensely attract attention to The Arena in Kentucky and Ohio, and also in Missouri where Prof. McGarvey is widely and favorably known.

An article upon Woman's Dress by Frances E. Russell has so impressed me that I make the question the subject of special consideration in this issue of my paper.

Under the head of "Moral and Fig Leaves," Mrs. Helen London writes an article about dancing, theater going, décollete in dress, the nude in art, the ballet, and all thoughts german thereto.

Her position is that young men and young women ought to be told plainly about many matters which are ordinarily thought improper for domestic journalism.

A sample of her "round unvarnished" way of talking is as follows:

"Right here lies a most certain truth—that we ourselves educate our children in evil. It is plain that if we taught them that a woman's bosom is a part of her body entitled to the highest honor and respect, without evil in itself, and without reason for evil, no one would find shame in it.

If we taught that a woman's leg is as honorable a portion of her as a man's is of him, and with no more evil in it, none would be found. We teach that they are full of evil and should be hidden from view—is it any wonder, then, that men should want to see them? Is it strange that our young men—and old—crowd the spectacular drama, and find too often only a lustful pleasure in beholding the most beautiful outlines earth can show—the outlines of a woman's form?"

It is evident from this that Mrs. London's position on this subject is the opposite of that of the article of Elizabeth Stewart Phelps which I sometime ago recommended to young ladies to read.

To the article of Mrs. Phelps Col. Ingersoll wrote a reply in which he opposed her, and took the same ground that Mrs. London does here.

I must acknowledge that as to the merits of the discussion, the opposing views of which are so antipodal, I am as yet at sea, and must await further development.

A general proposition in favor of Mrs. London is that intelligence begets virtue and ignorance begets vice, and I can not see why this rule will not apply as well to the subject under discussion as to others.

But to a prohibitionist the crowning article of them all is the editor's personal tribute to prohibition.

The greater part of his editorial on this subject I published in my last issue.

His utterances have a force that they could hardly have as coming from any man who has specially committed himself to opposing the liquor traffic. He knows of no remedy for the curse except to crush it, and kill it just as we do snakes. He speaks of it as "a traffic which has proven itself the most unmitigated curse that ever has visited the earth."

He says "the rumrunner is a greater curse to the community than a professional thief; that a saloon is a more positive evil than a shanty filled with small-pox patients."

While this editor publishes an article that is fearfully damaging to the stories about Eden and Noah's Ark, he speaks in all love and kindness for those Christians ministers who have the courage to denounce from their pulpits the liquor traffic, and scathes, as hiring regicides from the teachings of the apostles, that greater part of the Christian clergy, who, with an eye to their salaries, are too prudent to jostle those from whom their salaries come, by denouncing the liquor infamy.

Nothing that has ever occurred in American history has so emphasized and intensified the moral code of the Christian religion as has prohibition, and the moralists of every political and religious

shade are coming to its support, and Catholic and Protestant, for the first time in American history, walk together as confiding brethren in Christ when they go to the polls to vote against this common enemy of the whole human race.

This sentiment, that began when "Mother" Stewart and her band of women kneeled upon the streets of an Ohio town before the doors of saloons and prayed, has spread from ocean to ocean of the United States; has gone Canada; has invaded England with an army under Gen. Booth, and like a new gospel has swept to "where Africa's sunny fountain rolls down the golden sand," and Congo is resisting the rum of Christian America.

The Blade's Business Outlook is Pretty Encouraging.

A great many friends ask me about the business outlook of the Blade, and I have generally said that I thought it was pretty fair, but I really have not definitely known until I have just struck a balance of its business up to date.

If no man pays me a cent from now until the 20th of next March, at which time the first six months of its business will expire, I will be abundantly able to pay a semi-annual dividend of five per cent. as the balance shows, and will so pay to each stockholder who will let me know that he wants it, and this same notice will be officially given in the Blade at its issue next before March 20th.

When I started to raise the stock I said I ought to get \$2,500, but that I believed I could get along with \$1,500.

I got subscribed in stock \$1,540. Of this stock \$1,220 has been paid; \$170 I regard as easily collectible; \$60 are doubtful, and \$90 are refused to pay.

The unpaid advertising is so, simply because I have not called for it, a number of those owing having asked me to do so.

Since I have made the figures which I give below, one of the stock subscribers that I thought "doubtful" has paid me for his subscription for stock and for his paper, expressed a high appreciation of the paper and wished the Blade and me "long life and success," and another of the stock subscribers that I have marked as "collectible" has told me that he would pay me in a day or two, and he is a first-class, reliable gentleman.

The balance sheet up to date, omitting the \$12 paid me while I am making the account, is as follows:

Stock paid up.....	\$1,220 00
collectible.....	170 00
doubtful.....	60 00
Subscriptions paid.....	\$31 60
Advertising paid.....	185 50
Advertising collectible.....	83 50

Total income to Feb. 17.....	\$2,550 60
Total expense of Blade to Feb. 17, of any kind.....	730 60

Balance.....	\$1,820 00
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Of the expenses of the Blade \$706.91 were for the paper, complete with the postage paid, including office rent, fuel, lights, desk, etc., and \$23.70 were for stationery and postage on letters.

I do solemnly swear on the Dictionary that this account is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief; so help me Devil.

In testimony whereof I do hereunto affix my sign manual this Feb. 17, Anno Domini 1891, *rel Anno Mundi*, 5651. (Bishop Usher's Chronology.) (Signed)

CHARLES C. MOORE,
Editor.

P. S.—In round numbers, at the present rate, if nobody pays me another nickel, it will take me more than a year to spend the money I now have on hand, and owe to the Blade fund. I have in bank \$622 34. To insure the other, I have the income of 265 acres of land, and of a house in the city which now rents for \$45 a month, and will rent for \$40 a month after the 20th of April next. In addition I have some live stock, farming implements, and a fine growing crop, and nearly \$1,000 worth of my book, the "Rational View."

I also have a wife and four children, all competent to do any kind of farm or housework, that I can hire out.

All the debts in the world that I know of that I owe, except grocery and store accounts from Jan. 1, to this date, and good will to all mankind and better will to woman-kind, are two notes that the Second National Bank of this city holds against me. One is for about \$250 without any security, and the other is for about \$350 with my brother-in-law as security.

If I swindle anybody, I am going to let that bank first and my brother-in-law next.

He is a rich Baptist that votes with the Democrats, and ought to be swindled.

Of those who have paid me for my paper 318 have paid \$2 each equal \$636—83 have paid \$1, each equal \$83—3 have paid 75 cents, each equal \$2.25—one has paid 25 cents, and one has paid 60 cents.

I have no collector; have never asked a soul to pay me for my paper, and some have asked me to call and get their subscriptions for stock and for the paper that I have never called to see.

Of the 83 who have paid me \$1 for subscription, about 10 have taken advantage of my offer to let all who "profess and call" themselves poor men to have it for \$1 a year,—which offer I still make,—and the others have paid \$1 for six months.

One of the very first men who paid me, Simon P. Gross, an ex-saloon keeper of this city, and the very last man who has paid me, Dr. Edward Alcorn, of Hustonville, Ky., paid me \$1 each, assigning as a reason for paying me only that much, that they thought I would be killed in six months.

Since I started the Blade on the third heat, one man has made a very plain business proposition to kill me, I have found two men lying in wait for me, four men have used exceedingly abusive language to induce me to fight, and I have been told of three persons whose names were not given who it is said had threatened to kill me. Of the last three I have found out the name of one, and of the two others I have no knowledge or suspicion. There may be a few other cases of this kind that I have forgotten about.

This last list does not include any of the first two times I ran the Blade.

So far as I know now, I am at peace with the world; and am going to try hard to stay so.

The only other prohibition editor in this State is J. W. Sawyer. He has just got out of jail in Louisville for what he said in his paper, and has had to pay a slander suit that cost him all he had.

These hints are thrown out for the benefit of aspirants for the editorship of the big State organ.

P. S. No. 2—Since the above was written I have thought of another great big fellow that talked to me pretty savage.

Name it the Prohibition Blade.

MADISONVILLE, Ky., Feb. 14, '91.
Charles C. Moore, Esq., Editor.

DEAR SIR:—Your idea in regard to a State organ, I most heartily endorse; and with you for its editor I will pledge my mite in its support.

Name it "The Prohibition Blade."

I like the name of Blade; there is a significance in the name.

The "Blue-Grass Blade" cuts to the quick, not only in the Blue-Grass country, but even here in the Pennyroyal district its keen edge has been felt. I am for you for its editor, because I consider you a happy medium between the "good-good" sort, and the "too utterly too" bad sort.

I revel in every line of your writings, honestly. I look on you as one of God's noblemen—an honest man.

You may be wrong in some of your views (and I think you are), but "honesty is the best policy," and that is what we want for an editor.

Of course this would make you blush to publish it, hence it is unnecessary to say "burn it"

I simply write to signify my approval.

Your friend and brother crank,
D. A. MORTON.

I blushed at the right time, and in the most graceful manner. I have practiced this before a looking glass and found it becoming to my complexion.

Bro. Morton is a banker and has plenty of the *sine qua non*. He is a stockholder in this paper. I don't know him from a side of sole leather, and he don't me from Adam's off ox.

I have, at different times, sometimes, had letters from him that indicated that he was a good man and a sensible man, but there is something in the way he is struck on me in this letter, that sounds like his head is a little out of fix.

I have been so naughty lately and have got things so stirred up, that I had given up all idea of getting a job on the state organ paper; but if I do, and the brethren want me to run it so as to go for everything in sight, you just call it the "Prohibition Blade" and I will come to time or throw up the sponge.

Or if you want the new paper to be run on the oil-on-the-troubled-water plan, call it "The Olive Branch," or "Noah's Dove," or the "Good Samaritan," or "The Oil of Gladness," or "Sugar in the Gourd," or any of those Scriptural allusions, and tell me you want something to match the color of that name, and I will "roar you as gently as a suckling duck," for I am "as mild a mannered man as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship" when I set out to be.

A Woman on the "Paris Matter" and an Incident about the "Rational View."

Monday Morning.

C. C. Moore,
DEAR SIR:—I dislike to make my appearance in your sanctum again so soon. Don't think I am going to inflict a communication upon you every day in the week, but I must say something to you about this Paris Matter.

I think you are taking it altogether too much to heart. You made a mistake any newspaper man was bound to make. You have made the *amende honorable*. I don't see why you should sit in dust and ashes about it any longer, if it is Lent.

As I see it, this is a real warfare, and these unpleasant things—this hurting of people's feelings, belongs to the "horrors of war," the sharper the battle the quicker over.

If your remarks in the Paris affair did not apply to the case in question, they certainly did apply in a great many other cases, and the good general effect will be all the same.

The despair of men who we see falling on every side, before the enemy which you fight, the moans of mothers and wives, and the cries of hungry, worse than fatherless, children, stop my ears at least, to the protestations and lamentations of any "popular preacher."

It is a small thing really to the Rev. Mr. S.—what C. C. Moore says about him, especially if it is a demonstrable blunder; but it is a great thing to have public attention called to the positions our "moral guides" take on the most intense question of the day, for "They who be not for us, are against us."

Keep banging away; every stroke you make, hit or miss, is telling.

Excuse me, but these lines just will run off my pen at you.

Arise! if the past detain you.
The sunshine, and storm forget,
No chains so unworthy to bind you,
As those of a vain regret.

Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
And look not back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

—KATHERINE DUNNING CLARK.

If Judge Stevenson will pardon me, for saying it, this is the lady who read my book twice, and laid it away with Ingersoll's "Gods" to read again when she felt an appetite for something a little wicked.

I want to tell you a little story, but I hope you won't say anything about it. It's wicked and calculated to injure me if you stir it up, but it won't do any harm if each of my friends will just read it, and not say anything about it.

Last night at the corner of Short and Mill, a gentleman whom I did not know, stopped me and said, "Brother Moore I see you say we can get your book for fifty cents, but here is a dollar, for which I want you to send me one."

I supposed he was some pious Democrat or Republican that prays to God and votes for whiskey, and I have been so hacked because I have said so many wicked things lately, that I was under the impression that possibly he did not understand the nature of book, and began to explain it to him, lest he might be paying out his money under false impression.

He listened to me a few seconds and then said, "Oh hell! don't make any apology to me. My religion and yours are the same, and I like the way you say what you honestly believe about anything."

I shut down on any further explanation.

—EDITOR.

The Shop Bag Argument.

Mr. Sherman is developing an unexpected fondness for humor in his old age. He has just confided to a correspondent his statement as to elections: "The women did it; they found the prices higher when they went shopping, and the men had to vote against the tariff bill." The humor of this remark consists in the fact that the senator plainly thinks the fact he refers to of little consequence. But there are tens of thousands of homes in the United States where the judgment of the wives and mothers on the cost of their daily purchases and on the cost of living is conclusive, because it is necessarily correct.

—New York Times.

If the women of the nation would bring the "shopping bag" argument against the saloon it would have a strong influence for prohibition.

Bro. Watterson on Hill.

I have read over Watterson's letters to Hill. Somehow or other after reading them I got to thinking about Sol Smith Russell's piece, "I'm gettin' a big boy now."

I don't see any sense in my saying this, I don't know anything about Democratic politics and care less. I simply make the above remark because it was a fact, and don't know, and don't care whether there is any psychological connection or not.

MISS WILLARD'S WORDS.

GEMS FROM HER ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE NATIONAL W. C. T. U.

The Prohibition Party the Only Great Party—God Bless the Prohibition Party. Unite Northerners and Southerners, Farmers and Workmen in Its Support.

Among the many good things said by Frances E. Willard in her annual address to the national convention of the W. C. T. U. the following are of special interest:

The Republican and Democratic platforms have both been strangely silent on the Prohibition question this fall. It is the ominous hush before a storm. As said Judge East, of Tennessee, "We have two parties every plank in whose platform is either slippery elm or dogwood."

The president of the United States senate, John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, makes this declaration:

"Politics has no place for the decalogue or the golden rule. All is fair in politics. The purification of politics is an irreducible dream."

Beer and bottle are partners today in both big parties (for none is great except the little prohibition party).

The party of reform is marshaling its legions. Wait for the wagon, the solid old farm wagon, and we'll take a ride. The farmers are our natural allies. They have never yet led the country to anything but good. They and the women are home's chief defense today against the drink devil. A farmer's daughter and proud of the name, I stretch out a sisterly hand, on your behalf, to the Farmers' Alliance everywhere. Who knoweth if they and we be come into the kingdom for such a time as this?

With an undoubted majority in the present congress, and controlled by a Republican administration, this is the condition of things at the national capital.

With civil service reform throttled, 34,000 postmasters having been appointed in a little over one year of the present administration; the Blair bill, to which the national Republican party was pledged, defeated in the senate which had already adopted it twice over; with liquor sold in the Capitol; with the New York Tribune declaring that "the Republican party, as a party, is squarely committed to high license; with Nebraska lost to prohibition by at least 15,000 majority, the outlook is not brilliant."

No leaders have more bitterly opposed prohibition than Republican leaders in Nebraska. We can hope nothing from them, and we can hope nothing from Democratic leaders as a class.

If in the presence of facts like these white ribbon women did not speak out for the only national party that has declared against the liquor traffic we should be unworthy of this crisis hour in our country's history; if the home people did not speak, well might the very stones cry out. Brain poisons at the republic's Capitol; brain poisons sold under the stately dome and in permitted violation of the laws that congress has promulgated! Could degradation go further? But alas, the explanation is that the brains of the men who make our laws are muddled with the very liquors against which public sentiment has obliged them to declare. The priest and the prophet of our nation's temple are out of the way.

Solemnly let the Woman's Christian Temperance union say on its knees, "Then arose I, Deborah, a mother in Israel, and if we are true to God we shall live to hear this land ring with the song of victory from Deborah and Barak over the slain Sisera of the saloon." At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed there he fell down dead."

The railroads of the liquor power, cursing us all alike, have made us brothers and sisters of a common sorrow, and a common hope. Why may we not here help to plan the great campaign whose guns are ballots and whose bullets are ideas? Why may not the sacred cause of prohibition, for which your Grady fought, become one with that great cause of fraternity for which he, fighting, fell? Nay, brothers, to this complexion it must come at last.

Temperance men north and south must not cancel each other's ballots; Christian men must not upon election day keep company with the wicked and vote for any other. Every bruiser, every burglar, every betrayer of woman votes against prohibition; Christian men must cease to vote with them; to do this they must come out from among them, and be separate, and when the better men thus choose the better part their partnership will mean a party! If that party is not fit to be played about in church then let us gather as did the early Methodists, under God's great sheltering sky, and do our praying there.

It has been said that between a temperance society and a political party there could be no common denominator; but I claim that in the mathematics of this great reform these two fractions can be reduced to a denomination common to both, and that is, God in government.

We meet upon new battle fields; Atlanta's struggle for anti-slavery has been glorious—the anti-slavery of prohibition. Georgia is so true to this cause that could her voters stand up and be counted the undoubted majority would be for temperance. We are here to declare before high heaven in the city where Henry Grady fought for prohibition, near the church in which he worshipped God, and at whose altar his coffin so lately lay, that Atlanta shall not be enslaved by the saloon; that Georgia shall be free; that the republic shall have national prohibition; that the world shall trample its brain poisons into the dust. Hand in hand, eye to eye, heart to heart, and on our knees, we women of the north and south, east and west, solemnly swear eternal enmity to alcohol; we are for prohibition by law, prohibition by politics, prohibition by woman's ballot, so help us, Almighty God.

Whisky Barrel Tracts.

We are issuing a series of excellent tracts, such as "Rail Thy Roof," by J. B. Jones, "The G

The Anti-Saloon Church Work in Cincinnati.

A very remarkable demonstration is being made by the churches of Cincinnati against the saloons, which I hope the churches of Lexington will at once emulate. Of about 150 churches in the city all but eleven are engaged in the work. Two thousand converts have been made and the ministers say they will keep it up for five years if necessary.

I do not know the details of their plans, but it is a very able symptom that the saloon keepers are said to be organized to oppose the crusade.

I do not know how the saloon men can oppose these churches, unless they get some of those preachers whose sermons they report in the "Champion" and "South West" and stay countering revival efforts of liquor.

The liquor preachers might take up the story of changing water into wine at Cana of Galilee, and make it pretty interesting for the other side.

Then under the head of "personal liberty" they might take such texts as "For whosoever is my liberty judged of another man's conscience."

To this the Prohibitionists might reply, "Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to those that are weak."

Then the liquor man might respond, "So speak and so do as they shall be judged by the law of liberty," and the temperance people might reply, "Not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness."

It would be quite interesting if the saloon men of Cincinnati should get that Chicago Baptist minister who has recently been preaching against Prohibition, to start in the Queen City a religious revival from the saloon standpoint; and if they could get our Representative to run over from Washington and give them his theological opinions of "original packages" and "original sin," it would be a good card for the saloon men.

Of course all Prohibitionists and moralists of every shade ought to welcome a church demonstration, or any other kind of one, against the saloons, but if we judge of the future by the past, we may reasonably suppose of the "2,000 converts" that these churches are making, about 1,900 will vote with the Democrats and the Republicans just like they did before.

There may be some little difference in their praying, but their voting will be about the same old way.

I suppose it is in Cincinnati as it is in Lexington. The people who manage things in Lexington are practically all "converts" to Christianity. I suppose there is not an infidel in Lexington who approves of how things are done here.

Of those 150 preachers who are conducting this great "revival" in Cincinnati, probably less than 50 will vote for the next Presidential candidate of the Prohibition party.

A significant and discouraging statement about the Cincinnati revival is that its influence is especially "against the Sunday saloon."

Whisky drunk on Monday makes a man just as drunk and as dangerous a citizen as if he drank it on Sunday. About the only difference that any Sunday closing of saloons can amount to is the difference between buying one gallon late Saturday night and buying eight pints on Sunday.

This emphasizing the closing on Sunday looks like the preachers only want to keep up the show of religion, and force the people to patronize their churches because they can't go anywhere else, and thus increase their patronage and revenues.

It is temporizing and compromising, and as a means of putting down the saloon, probably does more harm than good. The saloon keepers of Lexington were interviewed not long since by a Leader reporter, and the very biggest, and therefore the most damaging ones among them, said that they preferred to close up on Sunday, but they did not do it because others kept open. A religious revival in Cincinnati that is trying to do with the saloons the very things that the worst saloons in Lexington want done, can not propose a very radical reform in morals. It may be a very good pretext to get into the church people who are willing to pray against sin and vote for it; but there is nothing in the Cincinnati "revival" to make Prohibitionists and moralists specially jubilant, until we hear of those preachers mixing up with the words of the New Testament the injunction to vote with National Prohibitionists for the

National Prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Anything short of that is the same kind of compromise that all the preachers before the war used when they did not square out proclaim the doctrine of the Abolitionists.

I believe I have the good will of as many infidels as any man in the city, and certainly, with my paper, have an influential access to more of them than any man in the city.

Then, the ministers of this city will inaugurate a religious revival based upon the prohibition of the liquor traffic in this city, and I apply to Sunday as all other days equally. I will pay no heed to subordination, but to the one grand endeavor of the city, from day to day and night to night, as long as these gentlemen may preach, every infidel and skeptic of every school to hear any argument that these ministers may address to them, and I believe I can guarantee in these a most attentive and respectful and interested set of listeners.

I do not hesitate to ask in their behalf that the clergy of this city will thus give them the advantage of their combined evidence for the truth of the Christian religion, and I can assure the ministers of this city that nothing is so liable to influence infidels and skeptics favorably to that religion as the demonstration that its advocates are trying to make some practical good come out of it.

There is no good sense in sending your missionaries to "Greenland's icy mountain, or India's coral strand," while from the "heathen at your door" you withhold this reasonable service.

It Helps a Heap.

RICHMOND, Ky., Feb. 17, '91.
Mr. Chas. C. Moore, Editor The Blade.

My Dear Sir:—When I saw you at your office a few days since, I could see lines of discouragement in your face as I never did before, when a prominent churchman in the city called to pay you for the number of Blades he had received, and gave you instructions to discontinue his paper. And no wonder; for you look at this matter just as myself and many others do; that the only paper in the city that opposes the saloon ought, by virtue of the principle of right and decency, be supported by that class of men.

We can't expect any aid or sympathy from the liquor influence of Lexington, and if we fail to receive it from the Christian people, pray tell me where you will go to get it? So far as your being able to edit a paper that will please the masses is concerned, with your experience as a newspaper man you know

(At this point the numbering of the pages and the context showed that one page had been accidentally omitted.—Ed.)

To attempt it would be but to fail. The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette is not the kind of a text book that the Democrats prefer to read, nor is the Louisville Courier Journal the guiding star for the Republicans. But it does seem strange that some temperance Democrats and Republicans would prefer a whisky paper in preference to a paper published in the interest of temperance in which they are seemingly interested. I hope you will not entertain any thought of hanging up the Blade, for I believe you are doing immensely more good for humanity and the Prohibition cause than those who sit in high places in the synagogues on Sunday and vote for such men as make up the government of Lexington on Monday.

You have friends not only in Lexington but in every quarter of the State, who will back you, and with clear cut facts such as you are able to present, you can command the respect (if not the support) of the best men everywhere.

I am faithfully yours,

G. M. Brooks.

The party who heaped coals of fire on my head in discontinuing the Blade and whom Bro. Brooks saw, came to this city a few years ago a poor man, and is now very rich. He is a prominent member of the Main street Christian church whose pastor, Rev. Mathews, is a stockholder in the Blade, and he and Rev. Felix, of the Short street Baptist church, who is also a stockholder in the Blade, are the only two ministers in this city who have done their whole Christian duty to Prohibition.

I asked the coal-of-fire Brother when I was getting up the stock for the Blade, to subscribe to it, and he refused to do so, and not being a stockholder in the paper he had no right to censure me as he did for the conduct of the paper. He did not say to what he objected, but simply wanted to show me in general terms that his Christian conscience was offended, and urged me to be careful not to send

another of my papers to his house, as Bro. Brooks saw.

This coal-of-fire Brother has been recently a member of the council, if he is not now.

I have seen and heard him in the city council, when I was a reporter for a Democratic newspaper, vote for month after month to give saloon licenses in this city to men of the very lowest "moral character," and I never yet have heard him say in the council, or on the street, one word against the whisky traffic in this city.

Not long since this coal-of-fire told me a story about my grandfather Stone and old Father "Raccoon" John Smith, that made the ears come into my eyes, until I was ashamed of myself, and the coal-of-fire said he hoped I would come back to the old religion again that those good old men had.

Bro. Brooks is a poor man, and is a poor man like I used to be before I got to be a bloated bondholder editor. He is a Methodist and believes that Jesus swallowed the Ark, and all those stories that got me into trouble. He is a stockholder in the Blackgrass Blade, and through the court house racket, when I was "bluer" than the Blade, or the grass either, he stood by me like a little man, when Prohibition Chairman Hilber, of that same Main street Christian church, stood right beside the biggest saloon keeper in Lexington, and took time about one holding while the other skinned me.

When the coal-of-fire brother was through, Brooks said to me, "I am ready to take another share of stock in the Blade just as soon as you need it," and then we left the office and started out and took a walk together, and he said things to me that at this very minute gives me more courage to fight this Christian(?) whisky hypocrisy than I have ever felt before; though at the time, as Brooks said he saw in me, the quicksilver in my mercurial nature showed forty degrees below Cicero.

I know it's not right in me, just as Mrs. Clark says, to be bulldozed by a man lacking in intelligence and moral courage, but sometimes, like old Peter on the water, I can see the bottom below me so clear that I falter and go down just like poor "McGinty."

Now, suppose some day I should happen to get the light turned on these Noah's ark things, like other people, and should want to go back to the old faith again, do you think I would want to go up Main street and join with that coal-of-fire brother? No; I'll be damned if I would. I would join the Methodist four times before I would do it. I would rather go up and join Dr. Keller's church where they are religiously so far in the dark that they have to burn candles in the day time, than to have a man give me the "right hand of fellowship" who has given the "right hand of fellowship" to nearly every saloon keeper in town.

I have frequently asked the coal-of-fire brother to try to do something against the liquor curse in this town, even when I was as much of a Lexington Democrat as any well raised man could be, and now when he saw a whole lot of people jumping on me, like town dogs on a country dog that has come to town, he thinks it's a good chance for him to show his eminent piety by piling on too.

God knows, if there is any God, that Dr. Keller had just burnt it into me, and that I had, as I said, "taken my medicine like a little man," and a soul as big as a mustard seed that never heard of Jesus Christ, ought to have had some sympathy for me. Physically, he is a great big handsome fellow, but morally, sympathetic with the liquor business sizes them up all the same.

I don't want my rooms on his flat either, if we all get to heaven.

The robbery and devastation of Africa justly excite the indignation of the civilized world. But this traffic, so horrible in its nature and results, is but a mere peccadillo of crime and ruin as compared to that wrought by the rum power. Dr. Brown, of New York, by long and careful investigation estimates that at least 130,000 persons die annually from drunkenness in England, and that as many as 80,000 die yearly from the same cause in this country. Quite similar results are produced by this rum traffic in all other countries in Christendom. The facts gathered by Dr. Kerr warrant the statement that there are at least 4,000,000 of tipplers in this country, 5,000,000 in England, 3,000,000 in France, a like number in Germany and a vast host in the remaining territory of the world.

It is probably safe to say that one-tenth of this human number will be gathered in the vast array of drunkards marching on to the drunkards' doom. Deduct from this estimate all an intelligent conservation can well claim and you still have an army of drink cursed millions compared with which Xerxes' hosts and those of the Goths and Vandals that overwhelped Rome are as mere handfuls. Reliable statistics show that the direct and indirect cost of the rum traffic cannot be less than \$8,000,000,000 annually, an amount which, if devoted to moral and religious purposes, would build up the waste places of Christendom, send a missionary to every city, town and hamlet of paganism, and build a university in every great center of the world.

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ST. JOHN SENDS THE WORD ALONG THE LINE, STAND FIRMLY.

"And Having Done All, to Stand"—The Prohibition Party Stands for the People Against Old Party Crime—No Wish to Fail.

In a letter received by Rev. A. M. Richardson, Prohibition candidate for governor of Kansas, a few days before election, ex-Governor St. John arraigned the Republican party in strong terms. He opposes anything like a fusion, and denounces Harrison, Morton and other Republican leaders as unrelenting foes of the cause of Prohibition. He gives the Shoreham bar a dig and declares the McKinley bill "the most outrageous scheme ever perpetrated to rob the great body of the people in order to enrich a favored few." The letter in full is as follows:

Rev. A. M. Richardson, Lawrence, Kan.: Dear Sir—I can see no reason whatever why any Prohibition candidate should withdraw in favor of the Republican party or any of its nominees. For years past the men who control Republican policy have been the unrelenting foes of the Prohibition party. They have instigated a spirit of persecution, vilification and abuse of political Prohibitionists without a parallel in the history of this country.

Men and women have been hung and burned in effigy, often egged, mobbed and even murdered, because as Prohibitionists they dared to do their duty and cast an independent vote. In 1888, I received a letter from Clinton B. Fisk, a grand Christian soldier and statesman, on an unequivocal Prohibition platform, the Republican party elected Benjamin Harrison, who was not only well known to be opposed to Prohibition, but who has since his inauguration appointed notorious friends of the liquor traffic to office, and at his great state dinners placed five wine glasses at each plate—four more than Belshazzar used, and the vice president elected by the same party has for the past twelve months maintained a tony liquor bar at his Shoreham hotel in Washington city.

The national capital is today, and has been for years, cursed with two saloons, and a Republican senate within the past sixty days refused to adopt Senator Plumb's resolution to drive the one under its control out of the building. Just at this time here in Nebraska, where the Prohibition party is wholly neglecting its own political interests and concentrating every possible effort for the adoption of the Prohibition amendment, the entire machinery of the old party, backed up by leading politicians and great daily papers, aided by rum hoodlums, is being used to elect Clinton B. Fisk, a grand Christian soldier and statesman, on an unequivocal Prohibition platform, the Republican party elected Benjamin Harrison, who was not only well known to be opposed to Prohibition, but who has since his inauguration appointed notorious friends of the liquor traffic to office, and at his great state dinners placed five wine glasses at each plate—four more than Belshazzar used, and the vice president elected by the same party has for the past twelve months maintained a tony liquor bar at his Shoreham hotel in Washington city.

Under the constitution and laws of Kansas ample power is given to close every "dive" in the state, but in the exercise of that power more attention has been given to the success of the party than to the success of Prohibition. Back up by leading politicians and great daily papers, aided by rum hoodlums, is being used to elect Clinton B. Fisk, a grand Christian soldier and statesman, on an unequivocal Prohibition platform, the Republican party elected Benjamin Harrison, who was not only well known to be opposed to Prohibition, but who has since his inauguration appointed notorious friends of the liquor traffic to office, and at his great state dinners placed five wine glasses at each plate—four more than Belshazzar used, and the vice president elected by the same party has for the past twelve months maintained a tony liquor bar at his Shoreham hotel in Washington city.

The spirit of political intolerance is such that if a man leaves the Republican party it matters not where he goes (except he enter the Democratic ranks) nor for what cause, he is at once branded by a horde of time-serving politicians as a "traitor, demagogue, fanatic, hoodlum, Democratic aid and thief." And the spirit which prompts these things, remember, is the legitimate outgrowth of a disgraceful political system which has been developed of late years under the manipulation of notorious corruptionists, who, in league with the liquor traffic, monopolize and money power of the nation, in 1893 traded the governorship of New York for the presidency. And when the ringleader in that chapter of rottenness was openly denounced and severely condemned in the national capital by an honest and fearless Republican member of congress, his speech was promptly expurgated from the records and he thus rebuffed for daring to speak the truth.

But now, having lunched upon the country the McKinley bill, the most outrageous scheme ever perpetrated to rob the great body of the people in order to enrich a favored few, finding a general revolt throughout the west, and the party sinking under the crushing weight of its own sins, it frantically appeals to the members of the farmers' independent movement and of the Prohibition party—the very men it has persecuted, derided and spit upon—to save it.

Is this the way to save it? Having abandoned the negroes of the south, allowing them to be hunted down

with bloodhounds or impudently in their humble cabins, and absolutely doing nothing about it except to use these outrages for political purposes in the north—in other words, to ballot out of the poor, defenseless black man's blood—and being no longer able to deceive the people along that line by the cry of "southern outrages," it now howls "John Bull and free trade" from one end of the land to the other.

Now that the people are getting their eyes open to the fact that what it calls "protection" has plundered Kansas farms with mortgages and driven hundreds of families from their homes, greatly reduced exportation and prices of farm products, the exports of wheat alone falling from 153,000,000 bushels in 1889 to only 40,000,000 in 1890, while the price went down from \$1.25 to \$0.93 per acre, and the average export prices of cereals has been lower during the past five years than for any other like period since 1870, it is forced to take another political tack. So, while standing for the license system of Kansas, it takes a roundabout route to reach its old goal.

Temperance in British Churches. The British Congregationalists report that out of 2,710 ministers over 1,600 are known to be abstainers, and 320 out of 331 students. The Baptists report 1,315 abstaining ministers out of 1,865, and 805 out of 211 students. It is not yet known how many of the 1,288 Wesleyan ministers are abstainers, but practically the whole of the college students abstain, for only two exceptions are to be found.

The Commercial returns show that while ten years ago only 8,124 persons were found in the adult societies and 178,297 in the Bands of Hope, this year the figures are 10,747 and 370,607 respectively. In the Primitive Methodist, the Methodist Free church and the New Connection colleges all the students are abstainers without exception, and about 90 per cent. of the ordained ministers. To this list must be added the Salvation Army. It has 2,139 "colleagues," all of whom are abstainers, a fact which also applies to the still larger number of soldiers.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS. The Saloon a Center of Political Activity and Mischief.

The Reform club, of New York, in its fifth annual report, recently published, has this to say of the saloon in politics: "The influence of the saloon in politics, while often depicted as too little understood, it is but necessary to recall a few facts to get an idea of the dominant power wielded by it. In one year three-fifths of the primaries and political conventions of all parties were held in saloons. There are about 8,000 licensed places for the sale of spirituous liquor in this city, or about one saloon for every thirty-five voters.

"Each of these places represents a certain number of votes—the votes of hangers on who, for the privilege of frequenting the saloon, and an occasional free drink, are at the command of the proprietor. Since each saloon serves as a center of political activity, as well as election day as for weeks preceding it, the number of votes thus influenced is so increased as to be practically all powerful in many districts. The result inevitably appears in the character of the men that are sent to the legislature. They are naturally the tools of the saloons. Until public opinion is so far aroused as to restrict a traffic that controls legislation and boasts of its control it is too much to expect that better representatives will be elected. The further fact that there are 35,000 saloon keepers in this state, avowedly organized for the express purpose of securing legislation favorable to themselves, and of preventing all legislation unfavorable to their business interests, is too significant to be overlooked or misunderstood.

"When it is remembered how many votes each of these saloons controls the gravity of the mischief becomes manifest. The saloon representative does not lose his habits upon election. During the closing days of the last session one member was seen drunk at the door of the assembly chamber trying to induce the attendants to sing hymns. Another member left the chamber near the close of the session intoxicated, and did not again appear in his seat until the morning of the closing day. During this time some of the most important bills of the session were under consideration."

Permanent and effective reform in municipal politics and administration will be possible only with the abolition of the saloon.

Business Notice.

I have bought out all interests in the Farmers Friend Wire and Picket Fence and desire to close the business of the old firm by the first of March, at which time the books must be closed up. From that time I will run a strictly cash business.

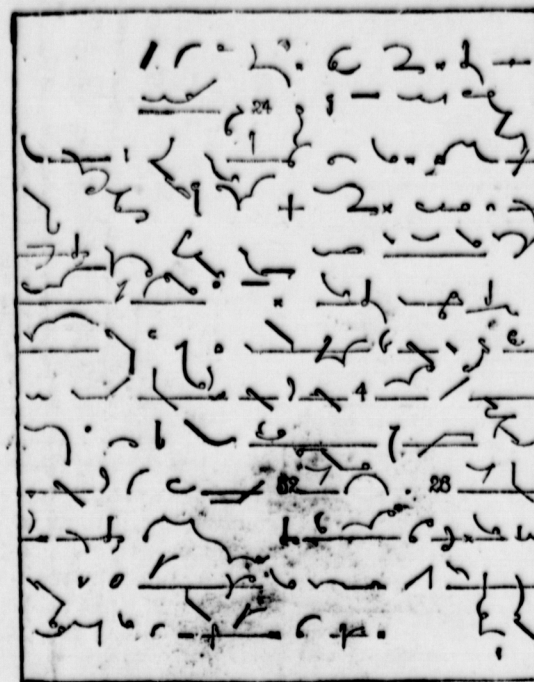
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